THE
NATION

OCTOBER 12, 1957 . . 25c

Governor
G. Mennen Williams

LITTLE ROCK:

CHALLENGE TO

the

DEMOCRATS

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LETTERS

Making of an American

Dear Sirs: This is to congratulate you and Louis E. Lomax for "Integration With a Difference" in your September 28 issue. It is a heart-warming story for us all, and particularly for this writer, who worked with the Hungarian students ever since their arrival—interviewed them, advised them about our school system and, in general, gave them the orientation they needed.

I have met some 1,500 Hungarian students, and know well about half of them. When among the offers from colleges and universities, we found three Negro institutions also eager to help, I explained to the refugee students the unfortunate racial situation existing in the United States. Five scholarships were offered by three Negro institutions; fourteen students wanted to accept. Five were placed: two in Hampton Institute, two in Lincoln and one, André Toth, in Allen University, the subject of Mr. Lomax's article. And I must say that I am proud of them. Racial discrimination is something they would neither tolerate nor practice. As the first white student at Allen University, André Toth shows that the true freedom fighter fights for freedom wherever freedom is banished.

MARGARET CLARK
Special Consultant on Hungary,
World University Service
New York City

Warning to Demagogues

Dear Sirs: I believe your readers will be interested in a telegram which I have just sent to President Eisenhower. The telegram reads in part:

"Dear Mr. President: May I respectfully convey to you the support of the United Packinghouse Workers of America, AFL-CIO, on your firm and decisive action and forthright statement to the nation on the situation in Little Rock. We are certain that to the average American your step came as a relief to the conscience and will reaffirm conviction and confidence in the ability of a democratic society to function. The action of Governor Faubus in using troops to flout the law was an invitation to lawlessness, not only in Arkansas but all over the country. Realization that Faubus' act was taken in support of the indecent and undemocratic practice of segregation makes it all the more ugly. . . . We share your hope that the people of the South will recognize the evil of segregation and respond to your action by making it clear that they require respect for the law from their political leaders."

RALPH HELSTEIN
President, United Packinghouse
Workers of America, AFL-CIO
Chicago, Illinois

More on Hiss

Dear Sirs:

La vérité est en marche et rien ne l'arrêtera.

—Emile Zola in *l'Humanité,*
January 13, 1893.

I wish to congratulate you on the publication of the special issue on the Alger Hiss case and to express my deepest respect for Fred J. Cook's admirable analysis.

JULIUS SIMON
New York City

Dear Sirs: The Nation and Fred Cook merit the praise of every human being devoted to justice. Mr. Cook's article on the Hiss case was a masterpiece of clear, incisive deduction. It took great courage to write the article and to publish it, in view of the implications that the guilt really lies in respected government quarters.

ERICA AND BERNARD LANDIS
New York City

Dear Sirs: The logical implication to be drawn from Fred J. Cook's article on the Hiss case is that at the very least the methods and operations and indeed the motives of our FBI are seriously open to question. I feel that it is about time this semi-secret organization, which has so far been above criticism, is laid open to the most searching and exact scrutiny by the American people whose taxes pay for its support.

I think the Hiss article marked a high point in your career.

WILLIAM M. PIERCE
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Much of Mr. Cook's article is highly praiseworthy, but had he read Mr. William A. Reuben's book, *The Honorable Mr. Nixon and the Alger Hiss Case,* Mr. Cook would have discovered proof of "Forgery by Typewriter" which he [Mr. Cook] disallows on p. 142 and allows on p. 172 ff., but not in the detail and completeness shown in Mr. Reuben's account. Also, Mr. Reuben points out the following: Mr. Nixon and the Republican Party had to have an issue to win the election; Mr. Cook omits this point. Mr. Cook does, however, state ". . . if Alger Hiss is innocent, his conviction . . . stands exposed as the most callous outrage ever perpetrated for base political advantage in America."

I sincerely hope your September 21 issue reaches a million copies. It deserves it in the cause of justice.

SAMUEL B. WOODBRIDGE
Washington, D.C.

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VOLUME 185, NUMBER 11
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

If It Takes All Winter

1. Faubus Flubs It

Once again, Governor Orval Faubus has unwittingly advanced the cause of civic freedom in the states of the late Confederacy by tactics as stupid as they are mean and contemptible. At Newport, the President gave him a chance, which he did not deserve, to escape from the consequences of his own folly. With intrepid tactlessness, he declined to cooperate, thereby setting the stage for the use of federal troops under circumstances that ensured maximum support for the President's action. A long-suffering man, the President then gave him still another chance. On the second occasion, the timely intervention of the four Southern governors would have made it possible for Faubus to retreat, even at that late date, without complete loss of face. But instead he tried to turn the offer to his personal advantage by issuing a shyster-like statement that exposed his real intentions. Had the offer been accepted, the President might have been forced to rely on his good faith (and run the risk of subsequent betrayal). As it is, Faubus has double-crossed four influential Southern governors, who represent "moderate" opinion in the South, and branded himself a trickster as well as a fool. On the score of his gaucherie, the headlines are eloquent: "Faubus Accused of Double-Cross," "Faubus Defies President Again," "Faubus Broke Faith," "Faubus Says Best Way to Keep the Peace Is to Bar Negroes," "Faubus Hit as Driving Off Industry."

How is such dauntless ineptitude to be explained? Faubus has been called a demagogue, but the term does not describe his special quality. He lacks the passion of a demagogue. He is "the thin man," meager, petty, consumed by feelings of inadequacy. Overnight this obscure politician, elected to office by a freakish set of circumstances, found himself a figure of international notoriety. The implausible name of Orval Faubus blazed in headlines from Tokyo to London. What delicious nectar! what divine afflatus! There he was, Orval Faubus of Greasy Creek in the Ozarks, talking back to the President, giving orders to the National Guard, granting interviews with princely grace, speaking into the banked microphones, facing those deceptively innocent TV cameras. This is heady experience for men like Faubus and, with rare exceptions, they succumb to it.

Now that it is clear that Faubus is not to be trusted, the President has an added reason for keeping federal troops in Little Rock until he is given acceptable assurances from responsible sources. If he remains firm, these assurances will soon be forthcoming. Powerful forces of moderation and common sense, already beginning to make themselves felt in Little Rock, will continue to mount. As in every crisis that has arisen since the Supreme Court's decision, people whose names you have never heard are stepping forth to meet the challenge of bigotry. As we have repeatedly emphasized, the Southern moderates are not going to be lured into the suicidal position of open defiance of the Constitution; too much is at stake. Their spokesmen cold-shouldered Faubus at the Sea Island conference and elected as chairman a moderate in preference to a Dixiecrat. Even the Southern extremists fear that the furor Faubus has started may speed integration, rather than delay it. If Southern "liberals" could now be induced to act with a modicum of decency and courage—note honorable exceptions for Aubrey Williams and others—the isolation of Faubus would be accelerated. The silence of Senators Hill, Sparkman and Fulbright continues to be oppressive, but it won't be long before they, too, are forced to speak out.

Little Rock can be a turning point in the exhilarating struggle to kill Jim Crow. What is needed is a leadership of firmness, courage and persistence—in both parties. Governor G. Mennen Williams' statement (p. 235) puts the issue with candor, clarity and force. The Democrats cannot duck the challenge. Faubus has given the Republicans a single, simple, affirmative is-

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sue that will unite its warring elements and draw new sources of support to the party in the key states. The Democratic Party has no future if it permits the Republicans to pre-empt this issue. For there can be no doubt what choice a clear majority of the American people will make if they are asked to choose between a party that believes in safeguarding the rights of every citizen of the United States, everywhere in the United States, regardless of race, and a party that will not act to prevent the continued nullification of these rights in eleven states.

2. *The Forgotten Southerner*

In the early phase of the struggle, which Little Rock has precipitated, to shape national opinion on the desegregation issue, the segregationists have managed to exclude Southern Negro opinion as a factor to be weighed. The wire services have presented elaborate roundups of Southern (white) editorial opinion; Southern governors, Senators and Congressmen have been quoted at great length and with awesome respect. But apparently the wire services do not know how to contact responsible Southern Negro leaders, for none are quoted. The radio and TV networks have ignored Negro opinion generally and Southern Negro opinion in particular. *The Nation* is reliably informed that spokesmen for the NAACP requested and were denied time to reply to Governor Orval Faubus' initial nation-wide TV interview. On September 29, CBS presented an on-the-spot report from Little Rock. Although local network news commentators gave detailed reports on the state of "white" opinion, no attempt was made to reflect the opinion of responsible leaders of Little Rock's Negro community. Following this report, CBS presented a panel of experts—all white—on integration. One, a newspaperman from Macon, Georgia, thought that integration was unlikely to take place in Georgia at any time in the future; another thought that integration might take place in South Carolina in a thousand years (how long was Hitler's Reich supposed to endure?); a third, from Kentucky, was somewhat more accommodating; he thought a degree of integration might be expected to take place in the Deep South in the next thirty years.

Such comment has the effect of propaganda against desegregation for it strongly suggests that it is an unrealizable objective in the Deep South. But what would responsible Southern Negro leaders, residents of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, have said in response to the same question? The relevance of their views is incontestable. No "settlement," as, say, a plan for gradual integration, would be likely to succeed unless it was acceptable to Southern Negroes who are, of course, the immediate parties-in-interest in the present controversy. If national opinion is not to be shaped on the basis of partial and heavily weighted information, Southern Negro opinion must be considered.

3. *"Bad For Business"*

In the struggle for national opinion, which is the next major phase of the desegregation drama, the big guns of the integrationists have not yet been moved into action. Of these guns, the most potent are those manned by corporate enterprise, by big business. At all levels, Southern business is today closely integrated, if one may use that dread term, with national business. And only a little checking is needed to disclose the strategic distribution of the power which business wields in the South. Here, for example, is some information which a few telephone inquiries produced: National Cash Register Company has 150 sales and service outlets in the South, staffed by 2,300 salesmen and service personnel; Prudential Life Insurance Company has 245 Southern sales offices, with approximately 5,000 employees; the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company has 600 or more stores in the South—not to mention sundry coffee-roasting plants, bakeries and the like; Sears-Roebuck has 295 selling units in the Southern states. And so it goes. Does anyone believe, Senators Byrd and Russell included, that American corporate enterprise, which commands a vast army of Southern manpower—salesmen, clerks, factory workers, executives—will look with favor on the participation of this personnel in conspiracies to defy the authority of the federal courts? Or that the great American corporations are powerless to make their will felt in the struggle that now impends?

Big business is organized on a nation-wide pattern; it cannot support segregation policies which are not acceptable nationally. At the moment, the staff-and-line organizations of the big corporations have not moved into action; it takes time to formulate policy in such organizations and, once formulated, to transmit it from executive suite to the grass roots. But already the "bad for business" signs are appearing in Arkansas. "Businessmen Fear Race Troubles May Spread to State's Factories," is the headline on a *Wall Street Journal* story from Little Rock (September 27). Between mid-1955 and mid-1957, 141 new plants and ninety-one factory expansions were announced in Arkansas. Over 10,000 new jobs have been created in each of the two fiscal years that Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller's Industrial Development Commission has been at work in that state. From Little Rock itself comes word that "business and civic leaders" are meeting in an effort to prevent further trouble (*New York Times*, October 1) and, fortunately, the Eisenhower Administration is in a position to accelerate this process by appealing directly to the heads of corporate enterprise.

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The Confederate Rebellion was not engineered by the dregs of Southern society; it was decreed from the top. Today the "top" positions in the hierarchy of Southern industrial and financial power are, often enough, held by recently transplanted Yankees who, however much they may like mint juleps, are not likely to lead quixotic rebellions of which the home office does not approve. And the home offices, for the most part, are north of the Mason-Dixon line. A poster of the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce shows a charming Southern miss who, from a rose-bowered balcony, is saying: "Y'all come to Little Rock, the city of progress in the land of opportunity." No doubt there are Southern business leaders who are capable of destroying this fetching image, but it will be interesting to see how many of them will be found in the ranks of the big corporate organizations.

4. The End in Sight

In the excitement over Little Rock, editors and columnists have been seriously debating the question, "Is a Civil War Brewing in the South?" It is difficult to see just what prompts this hysterical question. At the time of the firing on Fort Sumter, there was no mistaking the martial atmosphere that prevailed; swords flashed, flags waved, men marched and bugles blared. This is hardly the atmosphere that prevails these brisk fall days as the Yankees square off against the Braves. With the firing on Fort Sumter, scores of brilliant officers of the United States Army, including any number of West Pointers—Lee, Jackson and Beauregard, among others—resigned their commissions and joined the rebellion. The federal troops at Little Rock are under the command of Major General Edwin A. Walker, a West Pointer who, be it noted, is also a Texan. The only resignations from the armed forces, state or federal, that have come to our attention are those of Gov. George Bell Timmerman, Jr., South Carolina, who has resigned his commission as a lieutenant in the Naval Reserves, and a petulant Little Rock patrolman who, in a fit of pique and tearful frustration, tossed his billy club to the ground and joined the mob. Neither resignation will imperil national security. To be sure, the Ruston, Louisiana, Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Kiwanians of Marshall, Texas, have refused to pledge allegiance to the flag, just to prove their ancestry, but, for all that, Old Glory still flies over Ruston and Marshall. No, another Civil War, gentlemen, is not brewing in the South; what impends in that handsome land is a day of triumph in the long struggle to kill Jim Crow.

Little Rock:

CHALLENGE to the DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Governor
G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
of Michigan

ALTHOUGH THE DUST has far from settled in the Little Rock crisis, it is certain that the political issues involved must concern the Democratic Party in terms of its tradition and spiritual integrity, rather than in counting votes in the next election. The issues of Little Rock affect the very reason for the party's being. They have to do with whether the United States can maintain its free way of life, and indeed, even survive in the world of the twentieth century.

There are those in the South who may see Little Rock only as the picture of a white adult bleeding at the feet of a federal soldier standing with bayonet unsheathed. But responsible opinion throughout the United States, and the entire world I believe, sees the picture of armed soldiers preventing a handful of bright-eyed, spotlessly clad, book-laden children from attending school simply because they happened to be Negroes.

At this writing, at least, the facts seem clear. The armed force of a state was violently interposed against the lawful fulfillment of a lawful order of a federal court; an order pursuant to a recent and clear mandate of the Supreme Court interpreting the Constitution. At the last minute, to uphold the ultimate law of the sovereign people, the President of the United States exercised

Governor Williams

G. Mennen Williams, Governor of Michigan since 1949, is one of the outstanding leaders of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party and played an important role in the shaping of the Democratic platform in Chicago last year. He is one of the young Democrats most frequently mentioned as standard-bearer for his party in 1960. In last year's elections, he ran ahead of his ticket to retain the governorship while his state was going for Eisenhower.

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his undoubted Constitutional powers to maintain law and order.

Behind these unfortunate events there are many historic reasons, in the making of which none of us now living had any part. There was slavery, then a long and bitter Civil War, then an often brutal policy of reconstruction, followed by the reassertion of white supremacy in the South. These things left a bitterness which, even today, has not entirely vanished.

But if some historical factors may be adduced in extenuation or at least explanation of the viewpoint of the South, the future response of the Democratic Party to this issue must also be viewed in the light of the party's history.

The Democratic Party from Jefferson and Jackson to Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman and Stevenson, has recognized the preservation and elevation of the dignity of the individual as the reason for its existence. The expressions of this philosophy have been as varied as the facets and needs of human nature. But their direction has been clear—to uphold the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal.

As in most groups of men, there has not been unanimity. There has been debate and battle as to the development of this philosophy into program and action. The last Democratic National Convention at Chicago debated the point while the entire nation looked and listened. While there were some of us who felt that we could have given clearer and more direct expression of our policy, the platform we did adopt clearly bespoke our opposition to the interposition of state armed forces to prevent integration.

Here are the pertinent words of the Democratic Party, speaking—almost unanimously, as I recall—in convention assembled:

> We reject all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination of these matters [integration efforts] by the courts.

SO MUCH for the past. What of the future?

The ugly facts of the civil-rights issue must be faced. It is a fact that we have, in one degree or another, and in every part of the country, the problem of racial prejudice. It is a fact that the principles of the Democratic Party require that Democrats everywhere should work to the end that every citizen shall have equal rights of citizenship. It is a fact that resistance to those principles, and to the law of the land as laid down by the Supreme Court, is coming mainly from Democratic Party leaders in the Southern states. It is a fact that the interference of a Democratic Governor with the order of a federal court left the President of the United States with no alternative but to uphold the Constitution and the courts with federal troops. (I must temper this statement with the fact that two Southern Democratic Governors have called out their state militias to enforce the Supreme Court's decision, namely Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee and Governor A. B. Chandler of Kentucky.) Although the President might have avoided this whole situation altogether by firm and prompt action, it is a fact that in the circumstances which prevailed at the time, he acted rightly, and it is a fact that they who now assail him for his action are wrong.

Whether we like it or not, that is the situation.

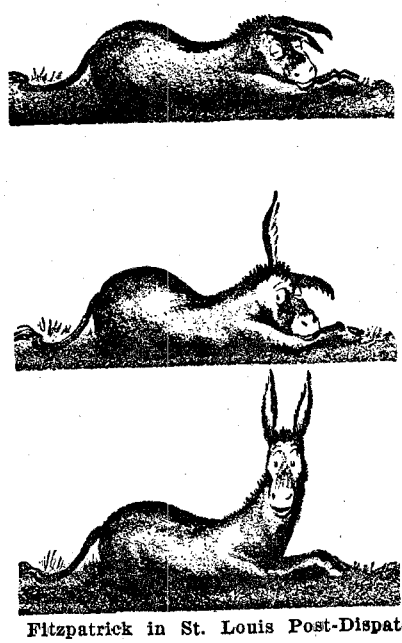
What can the Democratic Party do in these circumstances? In my opinion, it can do but one thing: hew vigorously and forthrightly to its own principles of the dignity of the individual and the supremacy of the Constitution, and let the chips fall where they may.

We do not want to drive anyone out of the Democratic Party. We desire party unity for obvious partisan reasons, of course. Then, too, no one wants to see the leaders of almost a third of the American people wrap themselves, as Governor Collins of Florida said, in a Confederate blanket and constitute themselves a lost-cause Third Party of Segregation. That would be a national tragedy, destructive to the interest of the South, disruptive of the two-party system, and stultifying to the millions of good citizens in the South who, with admirable courage, and frequently against their own personal convictions, are trying to achieve a gradual and orderly effectuation of the Supreme Court decision.

No, we do not want to drive out the South, but the Democratic Party—the majority of the party—simply must stand on its own principles, whether the stand results in political gain or political disaster.

IT HAS been the Democratic Party which, at least in our generation, has led the fight for civil rights. It has been the Republican Party, in our times, which has withheld the support which would have resulted in progress, thwarting liberal Democrats in every effort to enact civil-rights legislation. Whatever we may think of the motives behind the relatively sudden conversion of the Republican leadership, and regardless of the fact that the President did not march, but was driven by a constitutional challenge, into the role of champion of integration—nevertheless, we hope and pray that Republican professions of concern for equality of citizenship are genuine and lasting. The test we face is not one for Democrats alone, but for all men of good will, regardless of party or geography.

Mr. Eisenhower has the opportunity for leadership. A civil-rights act, not the strongest law we might have desired, but the first such Congressional act in generations, has been adopted by a Democratic Congress. Specifically, the President can show



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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his intentions by appointing persons to the Civil Rights Commission, under the new law, who will carry out its intent—rather than the kind of appointments he has made to federal commissions in other areas. I have recommended to him the name of former Senator Herbert Lehman of New York, whose stature and reputation in this and other fields would do much to reassure the nation and the world. Whether he appoints men of this caliber will be an index of the President's approach to the problem.

It is unquestionably true that much of Southern resistance to integration is pure and simple demagoguery. But much of it also is the manifestation of a sincere, if woefully misguided, belief, bred into the bone of many Southerners, in the moral rightness of segregation. Leadership dedicated to the ideal of the Declaration of Independence is the only kind of leadership that can provide the moral strength necessary to alter Southern convictions about this question. If we are to see a solution of this problem in our lifetime or in the lifetime of our children, it will not be enough to confine ourselves to legal and constitutional judgments. Political leaders at every level must deliver their own affirmations of American principles. The President—whether he be Mr. Eisenhower or his Democratic or Republican successor—must lead the nation; but if he is failed by the leadership below, his best efforts will be futile.

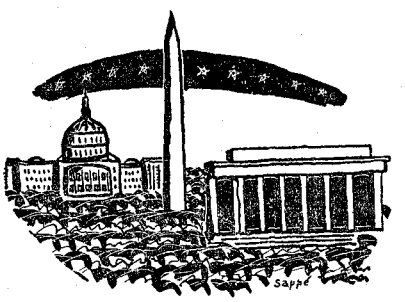
It is the duty, I feel, of all of us to reply to the reckless cries of "storm troopers" and "Hitler tactics" which have been leveled against the President's unavoidable action. It is the voice of the liberal Democrat which will be most effective in countering the invective and cries for impeachment which have been heard in the South.

One of the cardinal tasks for Northern leaders is to work constantly to put and keep their own houses in order. Intolerance is not peculiar to the South. The problem is a Southern problem only in the narrow sense that some Southern leaders deny there is a problem, and refuse to work for its solution. In all sections, we can pride ourselves on the progress of the past only if we pledge ourselves to continued progress in the future.

The Democratic Party must lead, as it has in the past, in efforts to strengthen federal and state laws designed to guarantee equality of citizenship, regardless of race, creed or color. We must seek to move with understanding, as well as with speed, *but we must move.*

In all our decisions, we must bear constantly in mind that we render judgment not only on today and tomorrow, but on the fate of generations to come. In a world where our safety depends upon the outcome of a struggle for men's minds—and the great majority of them the minds of colored men—we can ill afford to stand before the world as a nation which cannot or will not carry out its own principles. The explosive aspects of Little Rock may well be more important to the lives of men and women yet unborn than the conference on atomic weapons, the latest crisis in the Middle East or the race for the intercontinental ballistic missile.

When these consequences are clearly understood, I have every confidence that the American people will rise to the challenge and find a moral solution to this difficult problem.



PAY-OFF AT MIAMI . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Miami Beach

"HONEST TOM" HICKEY, the only Teamsters leader to claim that obsolete adjective before his name, stood in the sunlit pressroom of the Miami Beach auditorium on the second day of the convention of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, facing a few reporters and the awful future. A gentleman of the fourth estate (the only estate remaining) asked Tom Hickey if, after running for president of the union and losing, it would be possible for him to run for vice-president. Hickey's battered face momentarily wrinkled in concentration and he explained that there was no precedent: "There's never been a convention like this before. For forty-five years we had Tobin and then for five years we had Beck." He paused for a moment, and said, "Now we're at the end of the road."

The end of the road was, appropriately, Miami Beach, where the garish hotels must borrow the names and display the knick-knacks of other civilizations to compensate for the lack of its own in this vast, air-conditioned casket where ulcered citizens come to die. The man at the end of the road was Jimmy Hoffa, and that, too, was appropriate, for Jimmy Hoffa, in one form or other, is always the man at the end of the road. For all his recent publicity, there are still many people who fail to recognize Hoffa, and let it be said in identification that Hoffa is the man offstage who does the chopping in the last act of *The Cherry Orchard*; Hoffa is Faulkner's Flem Snopes with thick wrists and a vengeance.

The face of Hoffa, larger than life, stared from the frigid lobbies of almost all the hotels on Collins Avenue the day before the convention began, and late that Sunday afternoon the face itself appeared in the

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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glass-walled press headquarters at the Eden Roc, where Hoffa had set up his carpeted camp. Fifty reporters gathered around the 5'5" figure that is always the smallest in the crowd, and always the center of it, and he propped a foot on a purple-cushioned chair and read, in his rather high, thin voice, from a prepared statement charging "a sinister conspiracy by outside influences to take over control of this union." The latest thirty-four charges by the McClellan committee were only further proof of his dedication, and an insult to the laboring class:

> I want to point out that all of the outside influences which have cast smears against me and the I.B.T. have in effect been an insult to everyone of the 1,400,000 hard-working American men and women respected in their own communities; your next-door neighbors who are raising families, serving their community. They are part of the same Red Cross drives, Community Chest, churches and schools, as your families. These people aren't racketeers or gangsters. They are people who make up a large part of organized labor. They form the best bulwark against communism that this country can have.

The issue was clearly Jimmy Hoffa and the Red Cross against Walter Reuther and the Reds. The allusions to Reuther's part in the conspiracy, which at first were veiled, were soon brought boldly to light in various issues of *The Grass Rooter*, which served as Hoffa's journal of opinion for the course of the convention. Reuther, of course, was jealous of the Teamsters' power and membership and sought to destroy it by blocking Hoffa. Reuther was lined

up with "employers who hate unions" in a ledger of the conspirators that appeared in *The Grass Rooter* with the following explanation: "The Reuther crowd . . . wants a soft, political labor movement like in Europe. With speeches a substitute for work." Again, an affront to the honest toilers who had come to the Teamsters convention as delegates.

These alleged community-chest campaigners and organizers of church bean suppers were seated on Monday morning in the Miami Beach auditorium in long green rows of leather folding-chairs that faced the stage. The arrangement was that of a movie house, except that the lights were on—a fact which reflects no credit on the audience. There were heroes and villains to be cheered and booed; and, occasionally, some audience participation. This latter phenomenon was mainly concerned with the interests of the men in the seats. The first issue to draw response on Tuesday afternoon, when the new constitution was being read for approval, was the matter of pensions for business agents—one of the business agents feared such a social advance might not have been included, but was assured it would be, amidst hearty cheers from the other delegates.

But there was, before the end, an outbreak of human indignation from the minority of delegates who—even in their seating location in the auditorium—were scattered on the outskirts of the great solid mob whose sports-shirts dripped with Hoffa buttons. The outlanders' cry was uttered by Jeff Cohelan, a young and civilized secretary-treasurer of Oakland Local 302, who told the convention and its leaders that they were responsible to the 1,400,000 members for answering the ethical practices charges of the AFL-CIO which had just been read. Along the edges, the followers of Hoffa's opponents—Hickey, Tom Haggerty, Bill Lee—shouted in support of Cohelan's demand. The mass in the middle bellowed it down, but Jimmy Hoffa jumped to the microphone, and, in what is probably the closest he can come to the notion of moral responsibility, dorned out a prepared statement of defense against the accusations. His troops roared wildly; the worst was over. They struck the charges from the record of the convention, and on Friday Jimmy Hoffa was raised, with all his bought banners, to the presidency of the Teamsters and the bellowing acclaim of the mob.

Hoffa made his first grand entry Monday morning, waving to a standing ovation of delegates whose enthusiasm was wholly undampened, and perhaps inflamed, by the added, last-minute charges of the McClellan committee that Hoffa had looted the union treasury, hired gangsters and conspired with employers. The important thing (aside from the fact that he owned a good many of the men in the chairs—that, indeed, some of them were the aforementioned gangsters) was that Hoffa had made and would make the union more powerful and wealthy. He dressed men as clowns in tattered rags to wander around the convention hall with signs proclaiming that this would be the fate of the Teamsters without Jimmy Hoffa; and others in white silk tails and top hats representing the ultimate promise of his leadership.

THE DELEGATES had, moments before, given a standing—though less inspired—ovation to Dave Beck, the man who had taken them down this road so fast. They cheered with feeling when he pointed out that no matter what the world might say, the Teamsters had grown by 400,000 members and $12,500,000 since he took office in 1952. His raw, flabby face turned a desperate red as he struggled to retrieve some token from the rubble. It was only six months before that the same face filled the cover of a national magazine with the dire inscription that this was the man who could stop the wheels of a nation; it was only a year ago that he sat in the councils of the free trade unions of the world in Vienna as the most mighty emissary. Now he was dead, and it was hard to believe that he was ever alive. He prayed that the delegates would look at his record, beginning with his days as a laundry truck driver, and "Try, if you possibly can, just here and there, somewhere along

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the line, to see if you can't find something that I have done that is just a little bit over on the credit side. Just a little."

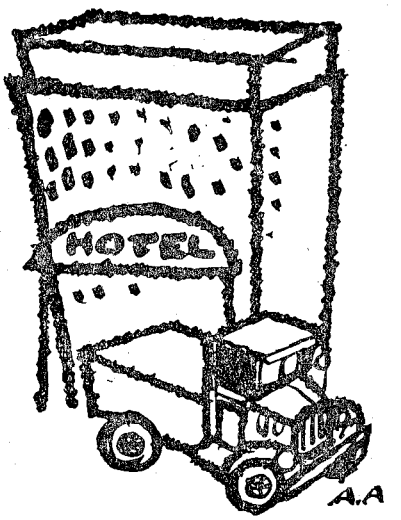
But the fallen can only survive as stepping stones to those who survive; there was no mercy. The following day the new constitution was read to the brothers, and the section which entitled the retiring president to continuance of his salary and the title of emeritus was, by recommendation of the constitutional committee, "deleted." It was Beck himself, flushed and damned, who had to step to the dais and ask for the vote and pound the gavel in finality when it was passed, with only a single "No!" from a delegate in the back of the auditorium whose impulse—joking or sentimental—will mercifully go unrecorded.

And the day before, with Beck's poor prayer not yet out of the mimeograph machine, secretary-treasurer John English had raised his own gray standard on the grave of the deceased. He told the delegates that he had fought for their interests in the past five years in the face of wild investments and thoughtless tactics: "I have put more time in this last five years than I did in any ten years before, watching what is going on, watching for gimmicks."

The hall was uneasy, wondering if this brave blast was issued against the new boy as well as the old; but Hoffa, from the stage, held his hands above his head to indicate that Beck, not he, was the object of the oratory. The delegates duly cheered. Later in the day John English cleared any doubts of his position by endorsing Hoffa to the press with the warm judgment that "I like that little fellow."

That was the little fellow who, when told that Victor Riesel had been blinded by acid, had remarked that "They should have got him in the hands." That was the little fellow who was standing at the end of the road with the largest, richest union in America nearly in his pocket and the knowledge that once it was there it would no longer be in the AFL-CIO.

John English addressed himself to that question, too, drawing one of



the opening day's biggest hands by assuring the brothers that even though George Meany and the boys had made him an AFL-CIO vice-president, he remained untempted by worldly glory; his true devotion was in minding the store. "I told them [the AFL-CIO] in no uncertain words what the Teamsters are and what we mean to do. We will never withdraw from the American Federation of Labor-CIO, but—if and but—if they kick us out, we will not be in a hurry going back."

The other union outcasts of decency were already waiting, as Hoffa well knew; these and any more ousted from the AFL-CIO on ethical practices charges would have a welcoming skull and crossbones to rally around with the "little fellow" ruling the Teamsters. Although by this time it was also known that Hoffa did not have all the Teamsters. Tom Hickey had already told a press conference that "The issue of this convention is whether or not we stay in the AFL-CIO"; and that, if they did not, he would recommend to his local to stay in the AFL-CIO instead of the Teamsters. William A. Lee, Teamsters seventh vice-president and president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, said that he was in favor of staying in the AFL-CIO at all costs.

Toward that end, Lee had placed his own name in the running for the union presidency on the day before the convention. It was greeted by Hoffa with a smile and the hope for a "wide-open convention." But the next day, when vice-presidents Frank Brewster and Joseph Diviny announced their endorsements of Lee, Hoffa lost his hospitality. With the vicious insecurity that lies at the heart of this little fellow, he promptly put up two candidates against the vice-presidential candidacies of Diviny and Brewster.

Frank Brewster stood outside the main auditorium after Hoffa had turned loose the wolves, and talked with several reporters. Brewster does not look his sixty-one years, and his deeply-tanned face is handsome and relaxed. In the last nine months, since first appearing as one of the original prey of the McClellan committee in his role as head of the Western Conference of Teamsters, he has lost everything—except an immensely valuable property which, whatever its name, results in this important fact: Frank Brewster likes himself. The events that have destroyed Dave Beck have not destroyed Brewster, perhaps because Beck believed in what he had bought, and believed it would save him. Brewster is an old horseplayer, and he knows it comes and goes; he knows, in short, this world. The kind of thing Brewster still possesses is the kind of thing you lose when you throw in with Hoffa.

A reporter asked Brewster why Lee had gotten in the race, and why he had waited so long to do it. Brewster explained that no man enjoyed going against Jimmy Hoffa—it would mean for Lee "an uncomfortable life." But, people kept asking Lee to do it, and maybe Lee began missing some sleep nights.

Brewster was asked if he missed any sleep himself before deciding to go with Lee.

"I spent a few nights rollin'," Brewster said. He grinned then and added, "But I get up fresher than most people do."

In Miami Beach, this is the most rare prize of all; and Miami Beach is only the gross extreme of Detroit, San Francisco and Washington. A non-union cab driver explained the whole thing to a client as he drove away from the convention.

"I'm for Hoffa," he said. "These Senators after him couldn't take all that examining, and no one expects a business man to. What's all the fuss about? Everyone knows you gotta pay off in this world."

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JORDAN: WHY the KING WEEPS . . *by John O'Kearney*

Amman, Jordan

TROOPS AND POLICE are thick in the streets. Culverts and bridges are blown along the roads at night. People here in Amman look to left and right and behind them before they speak. There are many who speak. He who dares, says: "It can't last." Even young King Hussein is said to be sick of it. "The British have gone; the Americans will have to go, too."

One of two opposing stands must be taken on Jordan. There is the Arab stand, strongly supported by Russia (although, of course, not for altruistic reasons); and there is the Western stand — determined by the State Department, backed by colonials in Britain and France. The simple Western impression is that Hussein is an Arab champion of the Free World. But the universal conviction among the Arabs, all Arabs, is that State Department dollars brought down the only representative government Jordan has ever known — the National Front coalition led by Premier Suliman Nabulsi — because its policies appeared to be a threat to American oil investments, because it stood for Pan-Arabian "positive neutrality," and because it demanded an end to all alien dependence and domination.

Jordan is at the point of open denunciation of what her people regard as the misalliance with the United States, into which Hussein and his pro-Western palace advisers sold her in the desperation of poverty last spring. The people want no part of United States arms or assistance, no replacement in kind of the British arms and British assistance they had gotten rid of. Even the "loyal" new Bedouin army leaders are muttering in discontent.

There were two of us, a Jordanian General Staff officer and myself, sitting in the shade and drinking cold beer in hot Amman. The first airborne shipments of arms from the United States were coming in with the fanfare of a super-colossal advertising campaign to allay — as John Foster Dulles put it — the anxiety that Syria's arms and economic agreement with Russia were said to have caused among her neighbors. "No," my companion said, "we're not getting the one-five-five." He was speaking of the American field gun that has an extreme range of 27,000 yards, and he spoke with an Oxford accent that was itself slightly explosive. "The American Embassy tells us," he went on, "that we can't have it because they've not yet given it to the Israelis." Even so, I suggested, the General Staff was probably pleased with what was coming. He grimaced me a smile and I mirrored it; then he looked down into his beer. "Oh, yes, we're happy enough to get the stuff . . . but it's the way they give it. You know, we Arabs say the best way to train a dog is to starve him, then throw him a small piece of meat when he does what he's told — but we are *not* dogs!"

JORDAN IS but a subordinate subject in the whole study of American foreign policy. The final test paper on her is yet to come; but John Foster Dulles already appears to be marked for a miserable flunk. U.S. policy here must be judged in the light of questions fundamental to the interests of powerful cliques in the United States. The questions are: How can we best protect American oil investments in the Near East from the Arab's growing conviction that he is being cheated by alien exploitation of his natural resources? In what manner can we prevent the Arab world from forming a strong economic and political federation which could influence even the non-Arab Near and Middle East to take a neutral position for peace and trade with the Soviet Union?

All United States diplomacy in the region is involved with these two questions. The Syrian decision to seek arms and loans from Russia was used as a pretext to stir up a ballyhoo over Jordan from which a useful syllable of answer might have emerged. But John Foster Dulles seems unable to understand that his lashing at communism in the Arab world is flogging a dead horse, so far as the Arabs are concerned. This is not to say, however, that the aims of Arab nationalism are not as "dangerous" to the Secretary's immediate interests as Communist aims. They are. They are a threat to the profits in oil, though not to the flow of it. And they are a threat to the Secretary's now anachronistic notion that such things as the Baghdad Pact are worth a military damn.

THE LINES of American policy in this area were first drawn in different days, with the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine. The Eisenhower Doctrine of January 5, 1957, produced nothing new in an exterior sense; though there was further purpose in it. That purpose, as Senator Estes Kefauver pointed out in debate at the time, was to give the State Department further autocratic power—cut from the power of Congress itself — to run the foreign affairs of the nation as John Foster Dulles sees fit. Said the Senator:

> If the resolution [to approve the so-called doctrine] is passed, the Congress would, in effect, be giving up its right to debate the question whether our national interest does, in fact, warrant intervention by United States troops to prevent the nationalization of concessions held by giant oil companies. . . . I might be willing to go to war under some circumstances in connection with oil, but I am not going to sign a blank check when it is indicated that Mr. Dulles wants to bring about international intervention which might include going to war simply for the purpose of protecting the enormous profits and holdings of some of the international oil companies.

The Secretary did not get quite what he wanted. The doctrine was amended to read that the United States would be prepared to inter-

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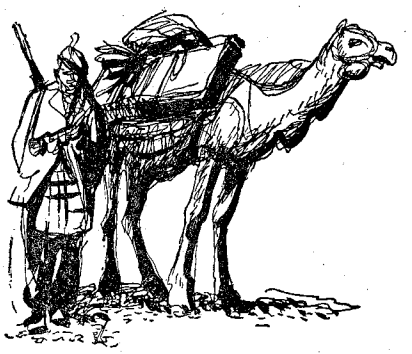
vene militarily in the Middle East only if invited to do so by a nation which felt itself threatened by international Communist aggression. As amended, however, it was utterly useless.

Egypt had to be watched, of course, along with Syria. Both were turning to Russia, after having refused to be militarily "friendly" to the United States in return for economic aid. There are intelligent and experienced foreign diplomats (not Eastern) in Damascus who are prepared to believe that U. S. Embassy people there were guilty of plotting to overthrow the government, though Syria has yet to present full evidence. Be that as it may, the first opportunity to "implement" the Eisenhower Doctrine came with Syria's announcement that she had jailed or sacked a few officers involved in the plot, had dismissed a few others for understandable security reasons, and was about to send a delegation to Moscow to negotiate for arms and development loans. John Foster Dulles cannot have been so ignorant of Syrian affairs as to have imagined that she had "gone Communist." Only he can tell us what was in his mind; but it appears he decided Syria was finally "lost" and that a bit of chaos might do a world of good. A flaming genie might arise and be taken for a Communist aggressor. One "incident," and Jordan was ready to play the part of a Sabine maiden. The world waited for the rape cry as arms were rushed. There may yet be such a cry, but look then for culprits among the soldiers of her own guard. It is on this latter line of inquiry, indeed, that we are more likely to find a reasonable clue to the Secretary's actions. He may have realized the urgent need for some befuddling diversion to give him time to deal with things as they are within Jordan itself as a result of his own handiwork.

The Arabs are a market-place people. What one hears everyone hears. "You have only to drop a word and it rolls over the countryside." During the last week in August, a group of officers went to the King, they now say, and pleaded with him for a change in policy. They felt out of step with the rest of the Arab world. The Americans are putting on pressure for "integration" of refugees from Palestine, in the hope that the Arab struggle with Israel can at last be buried and forgotten. The King wept, they say, and told his officers: "I can do nothing." Yet another palace story has it that the King had earlier tried to do something; that he had called in his doddering Prime Minister, Ibrahim Hashem, and ordered him to get rid of Foreign Minister Samir Rifai, known all over the Arab world as an American agent on the payroll of the Iraq Petroleum Company. Hashem, as timid about it as the King, merely reported to Rifai. Rifai went to U. S. Ambassador Lester D. Mallory and Mallory went to the King. Dismiss Rifai, Mallory is said to have told him, and you won't get another cent. Again the King wept.

Why all the weeping? Ah, they say, a group of "liberal" officers went to the King early last year and said British domination would have to end; he'd have to get rid of Brigadier John Glubb. The King thought of the British subsidy and balked. After all, his own uncle, Sherif Nasser, was smuggling hashish through to Egypt to make ends meet. But if the King had not at last dismissed Glubb, the King himself would have been thrown out with him. Hussein awoke to find



himself an idol among his people. Cairo and Damascus radios sang his praises. Roses were strewn in the streets in his path. Massed men picked up his car and carried it like a palanquin.

But the Americans were already at work. The King threw out the Nabulsi government. The Sixth Fleet moved East. Hussein faked a plot against himself and took up the anti-Communist cry. His own people stopped singing. Cairo and Damascus radios turned on him as a traitor. *Sic transit* . . . He shut off the radio and changed the palace guard, fearful of his life. Of the Sixth Fleet movement, they said in the market place: "All that fuss over a dispute between a Minister and his King! Next thing, they'll be steaming up the middle of some fellow's bed to separate him from his wife!"

THE State Department has felt a proprietary interest in Jordan ever since the Iraq Petroleum Company laid its tapline across the country. Oil reserves in Jordan itself are believed to be great, and in 1955 Edwin W. Pauley, independent Los Angeles operator, got a huge concession which runs to the year 2010. When it appeared that the British were going out for good, the Americans moved in. Active intervention began soon after the election of the Nabulsi government in 1956. This was a National Front government that had every deputy but one backing it in parliament. Nabulsi, leader of the National Socialist Party ("It's Socialist," he would say, "because that's the way the people want it!") laid down a program for Arab political and economic unity and for liberation from all alien dependence and domination. The new government guaranteed full civil rights (before and since fully suppressed), moved to recognize Russia and Communist China and fell into line with Syrian policies. Within a short time Nabulsi got Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt to pledge the money Jordan needed to get along without the British subsidy.

Meantime, Mallory's car was seen more and more frequently parked at night before the home of Rifai's physician. Word got round that Rifai, who gets £4,000 ($11,200) a year as Jordan representative of the Iraq Petroleum Company, had suddenly paid off a long-standing indebtedness of £7,000 to a merchant named Subhi Halabi. Another debtor, Mithkal el-Fayez, son of Akef el-Fayez, now the Minister of Agriculture, Development and Reconstruction, suddenly paid off £10,000 that the Bank of Amman had found

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uncollectable for five years. Soon there was so much American money circulating in Jordan that the exchange rate of the dollar fell several points below par. The King attended U. S. Embassy parties, where the Americans are reported to have alarmed him with talk of communism, saying that Abdul Gamel Nasser of Egypt planned to overrun Jordan and send Hussein the way of Farouk. And he was warned that if Nasser did not do it, his own people, subverted by Moscow, would. After the attack on Suez, the Embassy is said to have convinced Hussein that Syrian troops, called into Jordan along with Saudi Arabian forces as protection against a possible Israeli incursion, would be used to support a revolution. Further, Hussein is said to have come away believing that economic conditions in Syria and Egypt were so bad that neither country would ever be able to pay what Nabulsi had been promised, and that Jordan could rely for money only on the United States.

Hussein behaved as he was expected to. He obstructed Nabulsi's money negotiations with Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt, asking for much more than had been proposed. He fought against his Cabinet's dismissal of incompetent officials, conferring royal decorations on them to protect them. He openly opposed recognition of Russia and blocked even the passage of non-party local legislation. He indicated he would prefer that the government resign.

NABULSI HELD on for another month, the National Front having decided that it would be better politically to be dismissed, since they were sure of popular support. But then the newspaper of the Muslim Brotherhood, whose members up to this time had given Nabulsi full support, started printing articles word for word from the United States Information Service. Arms of American manufacture were distributed to Muslim Brotherhood groups. An air of terror spread over the country. And Nabulsi's government resigned.

Out of this crisis Hussein's friends hatched him a plot against his life. They charged that army maneuvers going on around Amman were aimed at overthrowing the monarchy, at assassination. Twenty-one persons—some *in absentia* because they had fled to Syria or Egypt—were tried. In the midst of the trial the four defense attorneys walked out because the president of the court martial, Akkash Zabin, refused to give testimony. I got it from one of the attorneys that Zabin himself had issued fourteen of the sixteen orders for the troop movements on which the plot charges were based.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles oil operator Edwin Pauley started sinking his first well in Jordan on July 3. Hussein cut the tape on the drilling rig as Mallory stood by. Said Pauley: "This auspicious occasion is the result of long and tedious efforts, and the investment of a considerable amount of private American capital."

Decalogue of Anti-Americanism . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

Bruges, Belgium

WHAT ARE the root causes of anti-Americanism? Last month, in this ancient European city, a conference of 120 so-called "experts" from the United States and the countries of Western Europe, called to discuss problems of the Atlantic Community, argued this question among very many others. It was easy to string together a series of platitudes affirming the spiritual values of the West, and another series denouncing the iniquities of communism. Anti-Americanism proved a tougher nut to crack. Not, let it immediately be said, because of American susceptibilities, but because of bad conscience on the European side, which hindered clear and candid analysis. Characteristically, it was a German-American of international repute who pointed to the disastrous consequences of American intervention in European internal politics, particularly in elections; equally characteristically, it was a Swiss newspaperman who rose in indignant horror to protest against the notion that the United States ever intervened or interfered in internal politics anywhere.

The conference got off to a quick start with stories, both humorous and malicious — apparently each European country has its own spicy versions — about the various contacts between GIs and the local female population. It was entertaining for a time, but ultimately not very enlightening; if no GI had ever been stationed in Burtonwood, we concluded, the problem would still exist. Behind the welter of individual opinions, a more general picture only began to appear when the Congress of European-American Associations — a body no one could reasonably accuse of anti-Americanism — submitted a report listing the "criticisms and misconceptions" widely ventilated in anti-Communist circles in Europe. Its ten points, which are cardinal to the whole problem, can be summarized thus:

1. Washington's foreign policy is not understandable in European eyes. The United States, as a superpower, is extremely powerful but extremely young; it does not know its job as a world ruler. American policy, changeable and incoherent, inspires neither confidence nor respect.

2. Few Europeans believe that the United States Government really desires peace. It is widely felt that Western Europe might have found ways of living peaceably with the rest of the world, including the Com-

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munists, were it not for the American policy of spreading distrust of all peoples whose outlook is different.

3. The United States claims to be the champion of liberty, but Europeans cannot but note that people sincerely believing in Communist principles are persecuted in America. Many anti-Communist Europeans prefer to defend such people, rather than countenance the destruction of freedom of thought, since they are convinced that our civilization cannot be protected by such methods.

4. There is widespread suspicion that American foreign-aid programs are manifestations of a policy of economic imperialism.

5. America criticizes colonialism and claims to champion the abolition of racial discrimination; but in European eyes the handling of racial problems within the United States belies these principles and casts doubt on American sincerity.

6. Instead of facing reality, America supports the Chinese puppet government; yet everyone knows that Chiang Kai-shek will never undo what the Chinese Communists have done. Europeans do not understand the reasons why the United States opposes the admission of Communist China to the United Nations.

7. By antagonizing various groups of nations all over the world who are unwilling to give unqualified support to American policy, the attitudes of the United States Government (even though its intentions are peaceful) can only lead to a third, and even more frightful world war.

8. If (as Americans never cease to argue) American films do not show the United States as it is — if film stars, gangsters and business tycoons represent only a minor aspect of American life — why are so few presentations of a better America produced? The United States as presented to Europeans by films, novels, radio, television, etc., inspires neither confidence nor admiration; it is not by such an America that Europe wishes to be guided.

9. American values, as seen in practice and not in platitudes strung together from speeches by Abraham Lincoln, make little appeal. What Europeans see in practice is the transformation of men into material for the pursuit of profit. If there is a certain sympathy with communism in Western Europe, the reason is not merely economic, but because America has no really satisfying ideology to set against the Soviets'.

10. The United States makes every effort to break down European barriers in order to sell more American products; but it closes its own frontiers to European goods. It is not more aid but more trade that Europe needs, and if America will not cooperate in this respect. Europe will have no alternative save to seek a solution by agreement with the Eastern bloc.

MANY OF THESE criticisms will seem crude to American ears. That does not alter the fact that they are widely believed. But their profounder significance lies in another direction — namely, in the light which they cast on the trend of European thinking. It will be seen that, out of ten points listed, only three (Nos. 5, 8 and 9) can be regarded as implying in any way a general criticism of the American people or of the American way of life. The remainder are directed not against Americans as such, but against specific aspects of United States policy as presently formulated and operated. Assuming that the Congress of European-American Associations has assessed the position correctly, this is an important factor. It has been the general tendency to trace back the roots of anti-Americanism in Europe to irrational prejudices, resentments, jealousies and inferiority complexes, springing on the one hand from inadequate knowledge of the American way of life, and on the other hand from the sudden eclipse of Western Europe in the modern world. The reality of such factors, emotional rather than rational in character, is not in question, just as no one doubts the existence of emotional anti-Europeanism in the United States. The significance of the findings of the Congress of European-American Associations is their demonstration that these emotional factors do not loom so large as most people have thought; and what is true of Europe is doubtless true of other areas, such as India and Latin America, where anti-Americanism is a cause of tension and mistrust.

What emerges, in short, is that the issue today is political rather than emotional. Less than a decade ago, the slogan "Go Home Joe" was chalked in a hundred variants over the walls of all the cities of Europe. All the evidence indicates that this type of crude anti-Americanism has been on the decline for the past three or four years and is no longer a major factor. On the other hand, the tensions produced by current American policies still exist, and may even be increasing; and there is a real danger — as the Suez crisis so dramatically revealed — that they may suddenly resuscitate and inflame more primitive anti-American prejudices.

IF THESE are the facts, it is obvious that they should determine any approach to the question of ways and means of dispelling misunderstanding and distrust and reducing tensions within the Atlantic Community. Understandably, this problem occupied a good deal of time at Bruges. But the positive recommendations finally proposed, worthy and irreproachable as they were, left a disturbing impression of inadequacy. It almost seemed as though the conference was preoccupied with the anti-Americanism of 1947 instead of with the realities of 1957. The report of the Congress of European-American Associations was politely received; but owing to the usual desire to slur over divergencies within the Atlantic Alliance and to present a harmonious common front to a hostile or indifferent world, its implications were largely ignored. Anti-Americanism, it appeared to be thought, was a neat sociological problem which would respond to sociological treatment. The answer, therefore, was to analyze its sources in different sections of the population and to combat it by patiently explaining the true character of American civilization. There should be a research institute; there should be study-groups and reports; there should be more bursaries and schol-

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arships to take Europeans to the United States, and exchanges at all levels; there should be better use of radio, cinema and other means of mass communication.

To treat anti-Americanism as a sociological and psychological problem may produce some interesting scientific (or pseudo-scientific) studies. But in the end it serves only to gloss over the fact that the fundamental issues in the present phase are political. One does not need to be anti-American to believe that many of the policies pursued by Mr. Dulles may be disastrous not only for Europe, but for the United States itself and eventually for the whole world. On the other hand, if sympathy with the United States implies that Europeans must unhesitatingly endorse all that the State Department does (or more often, does not do)—and that implication has sometimes been very near the surface in Bruges—European resentment will grow, and instead of being directed at political decisions which of their nature are liable to error, will turn against the United States and the American way of life as a whole. If the United States wants the wholehearted support of Western Europe, it must pursue policies West Europeans can honestly and sincerely endorse; and this at the present juncture it is failing to do. On no other terms can the Atlantic Alliance, which—as Robert Schuman candidly told the conference at Bruges—came into existence as a "hasty improvisation," become a real community; and only when there is a real community will anti-Americanism die.

CITY PLANNING, DIXIE STYLE . . *by Dora Byron*

Tuskegee, Alabama

HE HAS BEEN a citizen of Macon County, Alabama, for thirty years, and until July 12 he was also a citizen of the city of Tuskegee in the county. He has a good job at the veterans' hospital here. Some of his friends at the hospital and at Tuskegee Institute told him long ago that he should register and vote.

"I didn't bother. I thought Alabama politics was white folks' business," he said. "I just didn't care."

Then he heard a rumor that the Alabama legislature might pass a law gerrymandering the city limits of Tuskegee to exclude the Negro sections. Perhaps politics *was* Negro business, he thought. Anyway, he decided to register.

He filled out the questionnaire required by the state law. He answered "no" to the question: "Are you now or have you ever been a dope addict or a habitual drunkard?" He answered "no" to: "Have you ever been expelled from any school or college?" He answered "yes" to: "Do you believe in free elections and the rule of the majority?" He copied a section from the Constitution, read another section aloud. He filled out blanks. In three hours his application for a certificate of registration was completed.

He waited two weeks. The certificate did not come. He asked about his application and was told that it had not yet been "processed." Another two weeks passed. Then Senate Bill 291 became a law and he found himself gerrymandered outside the new "city limits" of Tuskegee. And in December a state-wide referendum is expected to approve expenditure of $50,000 for a study of how Macon County itself may be divided or dissolved.

"They can move those lines around to throw me out of the city and out of the county, but they'll have a harder time throwing me out of the state," he said cheerfully. "I'm going to register some place, somehow, and I'm going to vote in the next governor's race. There won't be much choice, I admit, but I'm going to pick my man."

According to Charles J. Gomillion, president of the forty-year-old Tuskegee Civic Association, Alabama's legislative efforts to discourage, suppress and divide the Negro vote have resulted in alerting the Negro to the significance of the ballot box. This, combined with federal civil-rights legislation, will mean a larger turnout of Negro voters than ever before. However, the boom will be in the urban areas. In rural areas there will be little change, Gomillion said. "This is not fear so much as inertia. In a state like Alabama, run by plantation landlords and their attorneys, it is simply not 'custom' for Negroes to vote."

Gomillion, the soft-spoken, scholarly chairman of Tuskegee Institute's social science department, has led a fifteen-year campaign to overcome the inertia in his own people. During two years when the political climate was friendly to Negro registration, Macon County added 700 Negro voters to its list — out of 13,000 eligibles. Macon County is among the fourteen of Alabama's sixty-seven counties in which the Negro population outnumbers the white. However, Macon's white voters outnumber Negroes 30 to 1.

In recent years the climate changed and Macon's Negro registrants were met by every delaying action possible. There was no county registration board at all for forty-eight months. Books were not open on dates announced. Applications for certificates of registration piled up without "processing." A $20,000 court case was necessary to win registration rights. But today the chairman of the board of registrants is a former chairman of the county's White Citizens Council.

"A State official told me frankly," Gomillion said, "that Alabama eventually must accept the Negro voter. But he declared that while the trend cannot be stopped, it can be slowed up, and that he would do all he could to slow it."

Gomillion claims that any plans

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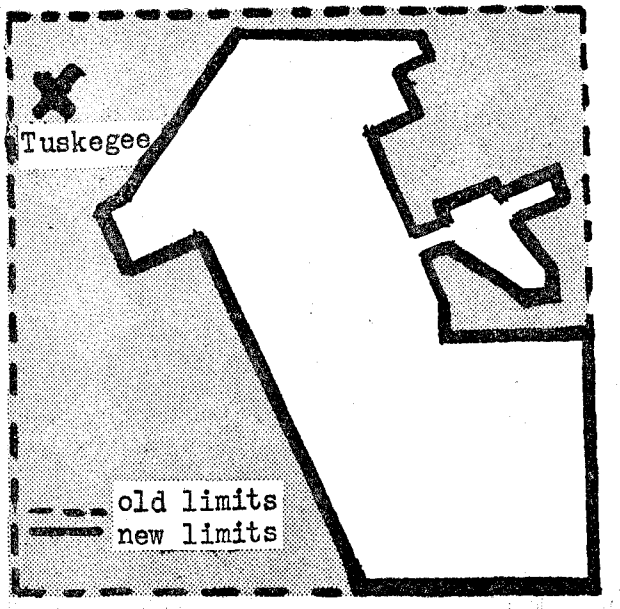
for political action in his own area have been prime examples of "gradualism." In Tuskegee itself, whose population is 80 per cent Negro, registrations totalled 400 Negroes and 600 whites. Negroes have been influential in the election of a sheriff and a county commissioner, but only one Negro ever ran for office. She was a candidate for the school board two years ago, received 520 votes and was defeated. "Had she won," Gomillion remarked, "we were hoping to offer a Negro candidate for a place on the five-man city council, and later a candidate for the seven-man board of welfare. We thought all this would take twelve years, but finally we would be able to show the world how a city with the vote fairly balanced between Negro and white could work out its own destiny. We hoped to be a pilot city in the deep South, operating under an inter-racial government."

Instead, rumors flew that a Negro was to run for mayor, and that Negroes planned to "take control" of the town. "The politicians give us credit for learning too well from them," he smiled. "We have no desire to 'control.' We want only to share."

Senator Sam Englehardt of Macon County "warned" the legislature that there was even danger that a Negro might be elected to the legislature. "We couldn't stand for that," he said. Senator Englehardt is executive secretary of the state's White Citizens Council. It was through his efforts that Senate Bill 291 was introduced and passed in the legislature carving out new city limits for Tuskegee. Out of a perfect square, a montrosity with twenty-six sides was born. The bill became a law without Governor Folsom's signature; and the possibility of creating a new all-Negro town, like Mt. Bayou, Mississippi, was cut off by another bill that forbids such a town if the area is under the police jurisdiction of another. Tuskegee's 3,000 Negro citizens, including all but ten of the Negroes registered to vote, were banished to rural Macon County.

Then came the novel suggestion from Senator Englehardt that the county itself be abolished. This has created a dilemma. Counties around Macon do not want it as a gift, in whole or in part. There would be a problem of administrative confusion, of "wet" and "dry" regulations and, above all, of voting strength. "We already have too many Negroes," wails Montgomery County, a next-door neighbor. "We certainly don't want Tuskegee Institute. Too many of the staff members vote!"



CITY OF TUSKEGEE
—before and after gerrymandering to squeeze out the Negro vote.

THE INSTITUTE and a V.A. hospital, staffed largely by Negroes, were the biggest things in little Tuskegee. They put the rural cotton county of Macon "on the map." Macon is proud of Tuskegee Institute, and of its founder, Booker T. Washington. The school's program has won financial support from philanthropists in the North and South alike. What will happen to Macon County now remains to be seen. The Tuskegee Civic Association will struggle to save it even as last summer they fought against gerrymandering of the city. "If they did not want our vote, why should they have our money?" Gomillion comments. The T.C.A. promoted a boycott — although it is sensitive about the term — which began June 25 and is still running. Many Negroes stopped buying from white Tuskegee merchants. Some moved their banking out of Tuskegee. A clothing store, novelty shop and grocery store were forced out of business. The theatre closed. A Tuskegee Institute Commercial Association was formed in the Negro community, sponsoring the expansion of two Negro groceries, a filling station and a fish market. This boycott was effective enough for Tuskegee merchants to seek legal redress, and an injunction was brought against the T.C.A. A date for hearing has not been set, but Gomillion is not optimistic about the outcome. "If we stay away from their churches, schools and playgrounds, we are wise and understanding Negroes. But if we stay away from their stores, we are criminals."

The professor believes a case might be brought later testing the constitutionality of the gerrymandering law, on the grounds that only Negroes were "thrown out" of the city, thus making it a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Whatever comes, the fight will continue for "first class citizenship" for all citizens of Alabama, he declared.

At an August mass meeting of the T.C.A., a Methodist minister expressed the spirit of the Alabama Negro:

> Our enemies possess the power of economic strangulation, political pressure and police brutality. But we shall not stop. We shall work calmly, courageously, prayerfully, and with love in our hearts. We shall not be frightened by their threats, but we shall face them in the courts. We shall put our money to work and we shall, above all, stay on our knees before God.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Hero Outside Society

THE VANISHING HERO. By Sean O'Faolain. Little, Brown & Co. 204 pp. $3.75

John W. Ward

THERE ARE many ways of presenting the values of a society, and Madison Avenue has given fortunes to those particularly skillful in discovering some of them. But one of the best is still the way of literature, the creation of a symbolic action in which we discover more about our selves than we can by ourselves. Literature accordingly plays a powerful role in the world, however embarrassed its makers might be to discover the fact. Whoever creates the images about which a society organizes its emotional powers does in a real sense control the society. (What relationship exists between those who control the material power of the society and those who control the psychological power of the people is another matter.) One suspects that that is why the editors of *Life* magazine are so often concerned with what image of life our literature presents; they are perhaps more aware of the social power of literature than are the writers themselves. The journalist who demands affirmative books, who insists that it is time to make the businessman the hero of our novels, may be simple-minded about the relation between imaginative fiction and society, but not about the importance of that relation.

Sean O'Faolain in *The Vanishing Hero,* asks the same question, if not in the same accents, as do the editors of *Time* and *Life.* Why are the heroes of modern literature not on the side of society? Why does modern fiction not affirm the values of society? Mr. O'Faolain thinks the distinguishing mark of contemporary letters is "the virtual disappearance from fiction of that focal character of the classical novel, the conceptual Hero," that is, the hero who embodies the ruling concepts of a society.

The subject is huge (Mario Praz has already given us a tome on the decline of the hero in nineteenth century fiction) and Mr. O'Faolain manages it by accepting the limits set by the original occasion of his chapters, a series of lectures on writers of the twenties for the Christian Gauss Seminars at Princeton. He had decided to look at the writers of the twenties because he "had formed an idea that the twenties are a watershed or divide in the history of the contemporary novel"; he limited himself to six authors because he had six lectures to give. Only gradually, in the process of exploration, did the theme emerge, the fact that all the writers shared one common mark: each replaced the conventional social Hero with a private hero. So large a theme caused the scheme of organization to give way. Joyce, although not properly a writer of the twenties, could not be excluded; six authors proved too few (eight are now provided for by dividing two chapters between Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce; the others are Graham Greene, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway and Elizabeth Bowen).

THE disappearance of the socially approved hero from fiction had been going on a long time, especially in the French novel. But, says Mr. O'Faolain, "we are almost on the threshold of the twentieth century before we observe English novelists begin to take on something of the individualistic spirit of the French; and the same naturally applies to the novel in America." By the twenties, writers no longer operated as "socially integrated citizens, but . . . as more or less isolated receptivities."

The implications are vast indeed. The image Mr. O'Faolain sees in our fiction is one in which society presents no personally satisfying pattern; our social world ceases to offer a symbol of the good life. Happily, Mr. O'Faolain does not go the way of the *Life* editorial; he does not demand affirmation. "Nobody can affirm out of personal integrity alone. Only when certainty returns to men at large . . . can affirmation return to literature, and with it the representative Hero." Mr. O'Faolain disclaims competence to discuss the underlying reasons for the disintegration of the social Hero; he points to probable causes (the break up of the Christian tradition; the decline of an ordered society with the rise of the bourgeoisie; the skepticism generated by science; the impact of Freud), but expresses relief "that such vast considerations are outside my province." Except for an introduction, *The Vanishing Hero* assumes the form of self-contained critical essays.

As critical essays, *The Vanishing Hero* is uneven. As one would expect, Mr. O'Faolain writes with wit and charm. He hits some of his figures off with a sentence that leaves you wishing you had said it (of Huxley: "His persuasiveness is of the order of a witty radio commentator"; of Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*: "A religious theme given institutional treatment is always liable to get lost in the embroidered folds of ecclesiasticism; and so is the author"). The best single essay is the treatment of Graham Greene as a modern Jansenist; the penetration here is perhaps due to the author's own acquaintance with Catholicism. And Mr. O'Faolain is often generous, a virtue rare in modern criticism. But, given his theme that modern society somehow fails to provide the writer with any objective support for the interior world of the imagination, he makes some strange judgments. The essay on Faulkner is a case in point.

It is curious that, as a writer, Mr. O'Faolain dislikes Faulkner so intensely: other writers have generally been Faulkner's warmest admirers.

JOHN W. WARD is the author of Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age.

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James Merriwether, who is editing a collection of criticism on Faulkner by other writers, tells me that O' Faolain's is the only thoroughly hostile piece he can find. The most obvious reason is that, in trying to make Faulkner one of the writers of the twenties, Mr. O'Faolain concentrates on his early work and spends little time on *Light in August* or *Absalom! Absalom!* But beyond that he is captious. A revealing instance is his objection to *The Wild Palms*. He carefully plots the time sequence of the novel to show that Harry Wilbourne, the doctor who, out of a complex of motives, has delayed performing an abortion on his mistress, has actually delayed only two months and two weeks. Although Mr. O'Faolain admits that Harry's character is "well built up" on the lines of his indecisiveness, he points out that in fact Harry has not waited too long, so what we have is a bungling accident rather than a tragedy.

Why this literal-minded objection? We are told: "My point is single—to draw attention to the dissociation from what, for short, we may here call common realities." Common realities! What are "common realities" doing in a book whose whole thesis is that the modern novelist can no longer give us the social Hero as could his progenitors "in those good old days when novelists were prepared to accept the fact that certain current ideas expressed firmly and clearly what the majority of people meant by a good or wholesome life"? The Hero has vanished because reality is no longer common in our fractured society. So to say of Mrs. Woolf that she "never achieved a position of intellectual or emotional equipoise in relation to outer reality," or that Joyce never came "to terms with the created world" is terribly beside the point of the book. This is doubly unfortunate since the point is so important.

One way of pressing home the importance of the point is to ask what action is made possible if we accept the image of the modern hero that Mr. O'Faolain discovers for us. Naming is an incipient action; it puts us in a posture for action. What posture is made possible if the hero of the modern imagination is the anti-Hero, whether Prometheus or Sebastian? Many, perhaps: the lone wolf, the mystic, the disengaged intellectual, any other of a number of separate roles. But social action is impossible; "*non serviam*" is the only banner left flying.

THE disappearance of the social Hero from fiction went in more complicated stages than Mr. O'Faolain would have it, although this is less important than his calling our attention to the disappearance itself. The breakdown began when people found their norms outside society, whether in Reason in the eighteenth century, or in Nature in the nineteenth. The hero could reject society's norms because he could believe in the availability of norms elsewhere, either through the power of thought or the impulse of intuition. Society's laws were rejected in the name of a higher law. Collapse came when men lost the capacity to believe in these abstract supports. *The Vanishing Hero* describes this latter stage, but the social Hero was gone long before the twenties.

In America he was gone from the very beginning, despite Mr. O'Faolain's imperial remark that if the English novel was late in coming to the individualism of the French novel the same holds true "naturally" for the American novel. In Europe the individual might have defined himself in terms of opposition to society; in America society defined itself in terms of the individual. America did not have to wait for Ernest Hemingway to define the hero as the man who moves out of society and confronts life unaided and alone. Two Frenchmen, Crèvecoeur in the eighteenth century and Tocqueville in the nineteenth, described this hero with remarkable prescience: the American was the new man who began history over again in a new world, who stood alone, bereft of ancestry and without tradition. As Emerson put it, we take our way from man, not to man. Always, of course, this centrifugal motion was kept from spinning madly away by the belief that if each man looked deeply in his own heart he would discover what was common to all hearts. Society could miraculously emerge as the sum of the individual rejections of society.

Our conceptual Hero has, paradoxically, been the man who realizes himself apart from society, not as a part of society. But today, with the necessary organization of an elaborately interlocked technology, our way is increasingly toward each other, not away from each other. We have not yet been able to imagine the Hero of that society.

October's Man of Gold

Autumn swells him, an incumbent dross
Too large to cast a shadow of his fear
Whose bulk, athwart the dark, once made a cross.
Now in an effulgent light grown tall
He stands on earth as on a swarthy ball,
A Mercury of imperial loss
Who strains to see a larger, golden sphere.

So motion leaves him but the heaviest heels,
On foot and brow a stunted wing.
Autumn's richness is a darker thing
For those to whom magnificence appeals
As somehow brought too spherically to doom,
Black as a hull that still conceals
A final passion in such little room.

So heavy in October, a man looks out
Unable now to fly the easy courses,
Tiptoe on the season's pedestal of doubt,
Aware of how the sunlight spends its best resources
Like parts of a world it does not care about.
Unseduced by leaves that feign a lure of golden night,
He stands, defeated, on the source of flight.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

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Fireworks of Adolescence

ILLUMINATIONS. By Arthur Rimbaud. Translated by Louise Varese. New Directions. 182 pp. $1.25.

Kenneth Rexroth

MOST PEOPLE think of Rimbaud as the very archetype of youth in revolt, as well as the founder of modernist poetry and one of the greatest secular, that is non-religious, or in his case anti-religious, mystics. A kind of Rimbaudian orthodoxy has grown up which meets with very little protest. A few European critics have demurred, but most interested Americans have never heard of them. I think, myself, that the whole Rimbaud gospel is open to question.

The very title of his prose poems raises this question. Mrs. Varese discusses some aspects in her excellent introduction. "Illuminations" is usually considered an English import into French. Does it mean "illuminations," as in medieval manuscripts? The French noun for that is *enluminure.* Does it mean mystical insights? Does it mean bits of illumination in the French sense—enlightenment? (In the ironic French sense, an illuminé is very close to being a sophisticate or, feminine, a bluestocking.) Nobody ever suggests that the first meaning to occur to an unruly adolescent boy would be "fireworks." I vote for fireworks.

The neuroses whose treatment now consumes so much of the budget of the more fashionable members of the American upper middle class are, by and large, palpitations of behavior due to unsatisfied bourgeois appetites and lack of life aim. In the young, especially in the young poor, the syndrome is called delinquency. Its ravages are often attributed to television. Television has a lot to do with it all right, but not the horror serials, the Westerns and crime shockers. The real source of corruption is the commercial. It is possible to misinterpret a demoralized craving for Cadillacs as "revolt" against the restraints and inequities of society. Revolutionaries have not hitherto expressed themselves by snitching the gaudier appurtenances of conspicuous expenditure. Genuine revolt goes with an all too definite life aim—hardly with the lack of it.

Whether or not there is anything genuine about mysticism, whether the mystic really sees anything, is open to dispute, but there is a wide consensus as to what the genuine experience is like, and how the genuine visionary behaves. As Baron Von Hugel pointed out, true illumination always results in a special sweetness of temper, a deep, lyric equanimity and magnanimity. The outstanding characteristic of the mystic's vision is that it is satisfying. He is never frustrated, at least not in our worldly sense. It would be hard to find two less suitable words in any language to apply to Rimbaud than equanimity and magnanimity. This leaves us with Rimbaud as a sort of magician of the sensibility, of that specifically modern sensibility invented by Blake and Holderlin and Baudelaire, and an innovator in syntax, the first thoroughly radical revealer of the poetic metalogic which is the universal characteristic of twentieth century verse.

I THINK this is enough. I don't think anybody has ever demonstrated convincingly that behind the syntactic surface lay the profound content of a sort of combination Bakunin and St. John of the Cross. The content is the season in hell, the dark night of the soul, the struggle with God and the State, of all adolescence. This of course has its own common profundity. I do not doubt but what the first flares to burn in the gonads of puberty do light up the ultimate questions of the fate and meaning of man, but that is not what the Rimbaudians mean. The excitement and fury is not metaphysical, it is youthful. The cocksureness is youthful too, but it is also something else. It is bourgeois. Rimbaud did not lose himself in Africa, he found himself. The average poet turns to writing because he can't compete with his schoolmates in track and football. High-school dances frighten him. He never learns the proper passes that score with a chick in the back seat of a Thunderbird. In fact, he never gets near a Thunderbird. But there are always a few girls, not very appetizing, most of them, who will be nice to a fellow who has made "The Lit." So, he invests in a set of Dowson, Housman and T. S. Eliot and starts in.

This was not Rimbaud's approach. He applied to literature, and to litterateurs, the minute he laid eyes on them, the devastating methods of total exploitation described so graphically in the *Communist Manifesto.* Some of them were not very applicable. He "ran" the vowels as he later ran guns to the Abyssinians, with dubious results. Usually, however, he was very successful, in the same way that his contemporaries Jim Fiske and P. T. Barnum were successful. He did things to literature that had never been done to it before, and they were things which literature badly needed done to it—just as the world needed the railroads the Robber Barons did manage to provide. Not for nothing is *Bateau Ivre* a schoolboy's dream of Cowboys and Indians; that's where Rimbaud belonged—on the frontier, with Cecil Rhodes. And that is where, back in his home town, he was immortalized. The old monument to Rimbaud in Charleville ignores his poetry and memorializes him as the local boy who made good as a merchant and hero of French imperialism in the Africa where the aesthetes, who were never good at business, think he went to die unknown, holding the Ultimate Mystery at bay.

KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent volume of poetry is In Defense of the Earth.

Minor Rebellions

LOVE AMONG THE CANNIBALS. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 253 pp. $3.50.

FROM THE DARK TOWER. By Ernst Pawel. The Macmillan Co. 245 pp. $3.75.

David L. Stevenson

WRIGHT MORRIS' new novel, and that of Ernst Pawel, have slipped in and out of the reviewers' columns this past summer too slightly noticed, it seems to me, and with indecent speed. They are minor works, to be sure. *Love Among the Cannibals* could be described as merely a flip version of Norman Mailer's *Deer Park,* and *From the Dark Tower* is certainly far more concerned with its thesis than with the characters who embody it. But both novels are written in rebellion against the effortlessly mindless values of a post-war America. And the slight smoke from the friction these two novels set up, going against the grain, has a pleasant, salutary smell.

Love Among the Cannibals is a half-sardonic journey into unadulterated sex, and generates its friction, Mercutio-like, by insistent mockery of a romantic point

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of view. It details the adventures in love of a Hollywood slob, Macgregor, who writes the music for popular songs, and his partner, Earl Horter, who writes the lyrics. When these two middle-aged boys from Santa Monica pick up a couple of girls for a week's love-making in Mexico, Macgregor chooses a young vulture tricked out in a Southern accent, a Bullock's Wilshire outfit and a copy of Norman Vincent Peale for inspiration. Earl Horter selects an honest, un-nice UCLA graduate student, a tanned Greek goddess whose sex life is a matter of the convenient man at the useful moment. As the title suggests, both men are devoured by their women before the week is up. Macgregor, the phony's phony, finds himself married and mumbling the language of respectability. Horter, after his brief trial of middle-aged virility, finds himself hopelessly possessed and his unfaithful goddess of Westwood fled with a new lover.

The young Galahad of *The New Yorker's* "Briefly Noted" columns has dismissed *Love Among the Cannibals* as a "distasteful little effort at a humorous novel." And one can only agree that all brash rebellion against the softly sentimental in love has about it a necessary touch of the distasteful. But whatever truths there are in honeyed romance remain safer, I think, for the derision. Shakespeare, in an age of love sonnets, gave the Western world its epitome of romantic love in *Romeo and Juliet*. But even so, he was moved to the private and savage mockery of romance found in the elaborate phallic humor of his sonnets to the Dark Lady. *Love Among the Cannibals* I find an amusing astringent for an America whose erotic sentimentality has produced such sacred images of worship as Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, as Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier.

FROM THE DARK TOWER is far more sociologically serious in intent than Wright Morris' new novel: it strikes out boldly against the greedy unknowingness of the Organization Man's way of life, and against such coy celebrations of it as Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and Howard Swiggett's *The Durable Fire*. The hero of Pawel's novel, Rogoff, is a successful minor executive of Tower Mutual, a national insurance company, who keeps his wife and son afloat in a suburban world of success-through-conformity. But it is at the private expense of eight hours a day in his glass cage in the company's forty-one story Manhattan tower. The novel opens with the suicide of Rogoff's closest friend, one step ahead of him in the executive hierarchy, a man no longer able to endure the "sorry compromise between living and making a living." The body of the novel is Rogoff's exploration of the ways in which he has sacrificed his own intellectual integrity, his sense of being alive, for the "virulent mediocrity" of life in The Tower.

Pawel's novel raises more large questions about the risks of conformity than he is able to find answers for, and Wright Morris keeps *Love Among the Cannibals* a playful strip-tease rather than a sustained and destructive satire. Neither writer risks the greatness inherent in his theme. And yet, as a dweller in a devotedly secular America, luxurating in its anxiety, its opulence and its unawareness of purpose, I found both novels very agreeable, if momentary, antidotes to the spiritual claustrophobia of the present moment.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

THE NEW ANGEL recording of Puccini's *La Bohème* will answer no questions about soprano Maria Callas, but it will certainly pose some old ones with added vigor. Why, for one thing, is there such a disparity between the glowing Callas "legend" and pre-publicity, and the cold reality of her many unsteady performances? When one reads news reports covering her career for the past couple of years, a pattern seems to emerge in which Callas gets more publicity for a cancelled performance or a breach-of-contract suit than she does for actual singing. Last season at the Metropolitan, for instance, she was scheduled to sing three operas: *Norma*, *Tosca* and *Lucia*. She was, by critical consensus, disappointing. But when her appearance in *Lucia* was cancelled because of a "throat infection," a semi-riot occurred in the Metropolitan lobby, and a feature story popped up in the *Herald Tribune*. In Athens, last August, a last-minute concert cancellation because of "larynx trouble" again threatened a riot and produced international publicity. But why all this

GENE MARINE edits Frontier

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throat trouble? Why all these law suits? And why is it so difficult to find a person who has actually *heard* Callas give, in the flesh, a performance that equals her legend?

On this new recording (Angel, Album 356 B/L), she again proves to be something of a disappointment. It is a double pity for everything else about the production is splendidly satisfying. Conductor Antonino Votto and the La Scala Orchestra make music in a manner that I would rank with the finest playing by any opera director and orchestra in the world. The entire performance is groomed to the teeth, suave and animated in the special way that only real Italian performances of Italian music can be. Rolando Panerai, Nicola Zaccaria, Manuel Spatafora and Carlo Badioli not only possess extraordinarily handsome voices and sing magnificently —they are even meticulous in the fast repartee passages which generally garble up in staged productions. As Musetta, a young American soprano named Anna Moffo is considerably more than satisfactory.

But Callas' performance of Mimi is not up to the standard set by her colleagues. It suffers particularly by comparison with that of Giuseppe Di Stefano, who sings the other leading role, Rodolfo. For his is a voice of great sensuous beauty, hers is not. And his identification with Puccini's music is complete, heartfelt and cultivated. (In the first-act tenor aria, *Che gelida manina,* for example, he builds with beautiful style from plateau to plateau of emphasis, fixing each one securely in the listener's mind, and then dropping back for a later, higher ascent.) When his real climax arrives (not until the twenty-ninth line of a thirty-two line text) his *La speranza* is thrilling.

A moment later, Callas follows with her aria, *Mi chiamano Mimi.* She commits no gaucherie, but her singing has already been outdistanced. (The sharp-edged and sometimes quavery quality of her voice, her distinctly impure Italian vowels, give a dull, second-rate impression.) And this continues throughout four acts. The contrast between her seemingly insecure tone and the healthy robustness of Di Stefano's singing leads to questions. What is wrong with this voice? Is there some relation between Callas' "throat infection," her "larynx trouble," her cancelled performances and her equivocal sound on these two discs?

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, on a new Capitol recording called *The Orchestra* (SAL 8385), gives a striking Hi-Fi insight into the workings of a symphony orchestra by isolating its choirs for illustrative pieces, and then re-mixing them by gradual stages. Most of the selected music is good; some, such as Dukas' *Fanfare* from *La Peri* and a Farberman percussion piece, is just expedient. Barber's *Adagio for Strings,* the Strauss *Gavotte* for woodwinds and the *Scherzo alla Marcia* from Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony are, however, very adequate "appreciation" examples. There is also a large explanatory brochure; a bit lush, but informative. I do fail to see, though, why the grouping of strings, brass, woodwinds and percussion was carefully *not* listed as a full orchestra. Pray, what other choirs has Mr. Stokowski heard of?

Again on Capitol (P8389), the same conductor leads the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the women's voices of the Roger Wagner Chorale in Gustave Holst's *The Planets.* As with *The Orchestra,* the performance is splendid, coloristically acute and well recorded. Stokowski's playing of the Sibelius *Second Symphony* for RCA Victor (LM-1854) is somewhat less satisfactory, nor do the "members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra" who comprise his ensemble sound forth with the polish one would expect. The major problem with this reading, however, is Stokowski's tendency to fragment Sibelius rather than binding him together as he requires. The total effect is interesting and often dynamic. But it is also bumpy.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THEATRE people, perpetual believers in miracles, clamor for "fair" criticism. The only way for me to be "fair" with *West Side Story* (Winter Garden), the new musical by Arthur Laurents, Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, who provided the "conception," is to make observations on it from assorted angles. The result will nevertheless remain subjective — criticism is like that, and I would not have it otherwise.

I predict, as certain columnists say, that the show will run a year. At the present time, thanks to the enthusiasm of the majority of out-of-town and local notices, it is nearly impossible to get tickets at box-office prices for the next four or five months.

The reason for the show's immediate success is that it is not only a highly expert production—its various authors and more particularly in this instance the director-choreographer being "tops" in their respective fields—but it may legitimately claim some originality in its domain. For though a "musical," it is not a musical comedy and though it is almost more ballet than play and in some of the duets and "choral" writing approaches the operatic, it remains close enough to the conventional musical comedy form not to suffer the fate of *The Saint of Bleecker Street.*

Important too is the novelty of the show's material: teen-age gang warfare, race prejudice in New York where the poor native-born live in uneasy proximity to the immigrants from Puerto Rico. The feud between the two is rather neatly patterned on the struggle of the Montagues and Capulets, with a North American blond as Romeo and an island brunette as Juliet.

The show, I repeat, is as professional as can be and all of the contributions are of a superior grade. Robbins' choreography is not the best he has done—it is occasionally derivative and self-imitative—but there is a great deal of it, and it has his characteristic finish, nervous drive and dramatic instinct. I was not able at first hearing to arrive at any clear estimate of Bernstein's score but one cannot mistake the distinction of its musicianship. Sondheim's lyrics—with one exception which I shall

The Time Came

The time came
The time came when
Came for everyone
One at a time

The sky was a bell
The air was extra-clear
Everything was actual
Seen so near

The light shone through one's hands
As red as leaves
Huge as through a stethoscope
The earth's heart thumped

There was no fear
The light was cool
The air was clear
The sky was a bell

MAY SWENSON

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mention again—seemed to me less apt than the other contributions. Laurents' book is admirably serviceable and has several pungent lines; for example, the moment when the apothecary of the story tells the boys they make the world lousy and one of them answers something like, "It was lousy when we got here."

The cast is especially impressive, not through any single performance (I liked Carol Lawrence as "Juliet" the best) but because, though nearly all its people are dancers, they act and sing creditably during and after choreographic numbers which are taxing enough to kill most European *corps de ballet*. Robbins deserves much credit for whipping these people into their excellent shape.

Oliver Smith's settings, to complete this report, are eclectic for practical purposes and in two instances—the gym scene and the one under the highway where the big "rumble" takes place—quite effective.

IF *West Side Story* is certain to run a year, why not two? The commercial limitation is related to an artistic one. People who want to see a Broadway musical do not particularly crave a "tragedy" of social significance in which ugly sentiments and violence must play a major role.

My sympathies in this case go with this lowbrow opinion. Although I appreciated the show's merits—and sat in a theatre echoing with "bravos"—I did not enjoy it. In fact, I resented it: I thought it a phony. I am not above enjoying the phony on occasion, but I could not do so here. I do not like intellectual slumming by sophisticates for purposes of popular showmanship. It is vulgar, immature, unfeeling.

The play's best lyric, "Gee, Officer Krupke," is a comic parody by the little "gangsters" of the interpretation that Freudian or social investigators might give to their plight. This would fit perfectly into a skit intended to kid the whole of *West Side Story*. It is used here as comic relief and it works—it exposes the hollowness of everything we see.

Our theatre is too clever by far. Talent we possess to a formidable degree, but in true moral-artistic perception (they are indissolubly linked) we are pathetically underdeveloped. So it is possible for such gifted people as the authors of *West Side Story* to mix the pain of a real problem, penny sociology, liberal nineteen-thirtyish propaganda, Betty Comden-Adolphe Green fun and the best of the advanced but already accepted musical comedy techniques into an amalgam which eliminates what is supposed to be the heart of the matter. For above all we want at one and the same time to be progressive and to please several million playgoers, the ticket brokers and the movie companies. That is not how *Threepenny Opera* was made.

BANNER productions, which is presenting *Tevya and His Daughters* at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse, now offers, in addition the *Best of Burlesque*—a sort of well-bred anthology of that form—for several weekends, the performances beginning at midnight and running (a little too long) till 2 A.M.

I thought two old-time sketches—"Joe the Bartender" and "Flugel Street" (vintage 1900)—great fun as well as imaginative "folk" theatre. The "top banana" of the occasion, Tom Poston, very ably assisted by Vini Fay, is a capital comic.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THEY should have done Ernest Hemingway the courtesy of putting another title on *The Sun Also Rises*. Something like *The Nymph and the Masochists* would get the idea across better and at the same time suggest that this is not really the book that lighted the way for a whole generation of fiction and jelled for all of us a definition of expatriate rootlessness that even a second world war has not entirely dissolved.

The picture is not only not Hemingway's novel, it is not much of a story in its own terms. It has been made as a romance between Jake Barnes and Lady Brett, but what kind of romance can it be when the army doctor has solemnly sworn that poor Jake will never make love again? There is no way of resolving the situation, and the picture fritters off into an account of how Brett is so restless that she jilts Robert Cohn, jilts Mike Campbell, jilts Romero, the amorous bullfighter, while Jake waits around to take her on evening walks between bouts.

The characters keep assuring one another that they are the lost generation,

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but the only thing this crowd has lost is Jake's potency. The symbol has been taken for the content, with predictably ludicrous results.

It is always disconcerting when stars with faces as familiar as your own are used to impersonate famous fictional characters. It would never have occurred to me that Jake Barnes looked like Tyrone Power or that Robert Cohn had as elegant a profile as Mel Ferrer. Errol Flynn, as Mike Campbell, the alcoholic highland chief, is more plausible—at least you are more impressed by the fact that he is very large and very drunk than that he is Errol Flynn. Ava Gardner suffers the disadvantage of being presented as the woman no man can resist, a statement that immediately sets you to wondering why it should be so. She gives the impression of being a good-natured, not very experienced, American working-girl on an awful binge. In fact, all of Hemingway's sadly wise young people turn out to be surprisingly healthy and unscarred. When the liquor and the bulls were finally used up, I felt we should all report to the dean's office for a stern lecture on loose behavior in the dormitories.

A QUARTET of short films from Mexico, *The Roots*, feels like a venture put out with official backing. It is devoted, with profound earnestness, to the message that Indians are as human as anyone else. This is an awkward thesis—it is patronizing even to state it—and it was insisted on with so little finesse that I became embarrassed for everyone concerned. To make matters more difficult, the picture is made with a non-professional cast; amateur performers, except when they are handled by a marvelously sensitive and patient director, always tend to look inexpressive and dull-witted.

The stories themselves are a little too pat—almost O. Henry cute—and I felt I was being manipulated into accepting a premise of brotherhood that I never questioned in the first place. The photography is clean and the faces and carriage of the Indians are extremely beautiful when they are caught unawares.

THE FRENCH director, Robert Bresson, has turned out a most poetic tour de force in *A Man Escaped*. It is almost a solo film, focusing on the single-purposed mind and body of a young officer who must escape (he is under sentence of death) from a German prison in Paris. The mechanics are worked out with a suspense so slow it borders on torture, and Francis Leterrier is an actor of rescurcefulness and almost frightening nervous pressure. He can act immobility. As the story progressed, though, I experienced a growing contempt for the calibre of the German guards—they seemed to be deaf, blind and preoccupied with their own affairs. Escape pictures rely for thrills on so many crises so narrowly averted that by the end you suspect the prisoner could have walked out the main gate, saving himself all the trouble of tearing his bed linen into long strips.

IN FOUR BAGS FULL, another French film of the Occupation, Jean Gabin and a wonderfully disagreeable comic named Bourvil carry a black market pig in suitcases across a large part of Paris. It is a corny picture, but the detail is ingenious and often witty.

OAA Check

Today is the day of beer and skittles,
Today is the day to replenish victuals,
Relay alms to my two pigeons.

The slip of a girl will fret at my budget,
She'll fuss and fume at the way I fudge it,
And hint to me of nursing homes.

But I'll eat soda crackers two weeks hence,
I'll fill out my days at the construction fence
Or read the library's magazines.

But today I'll eat at Pixley and Ehlers,
I'll buy steaks for my old park sailors
And smoke filter tip cigarettes.

I come for crumbs and hang around and age,
And I am fed in a kind of public cage,
So I'll hop about till the curtain drops.

ROBERT L. TYLER

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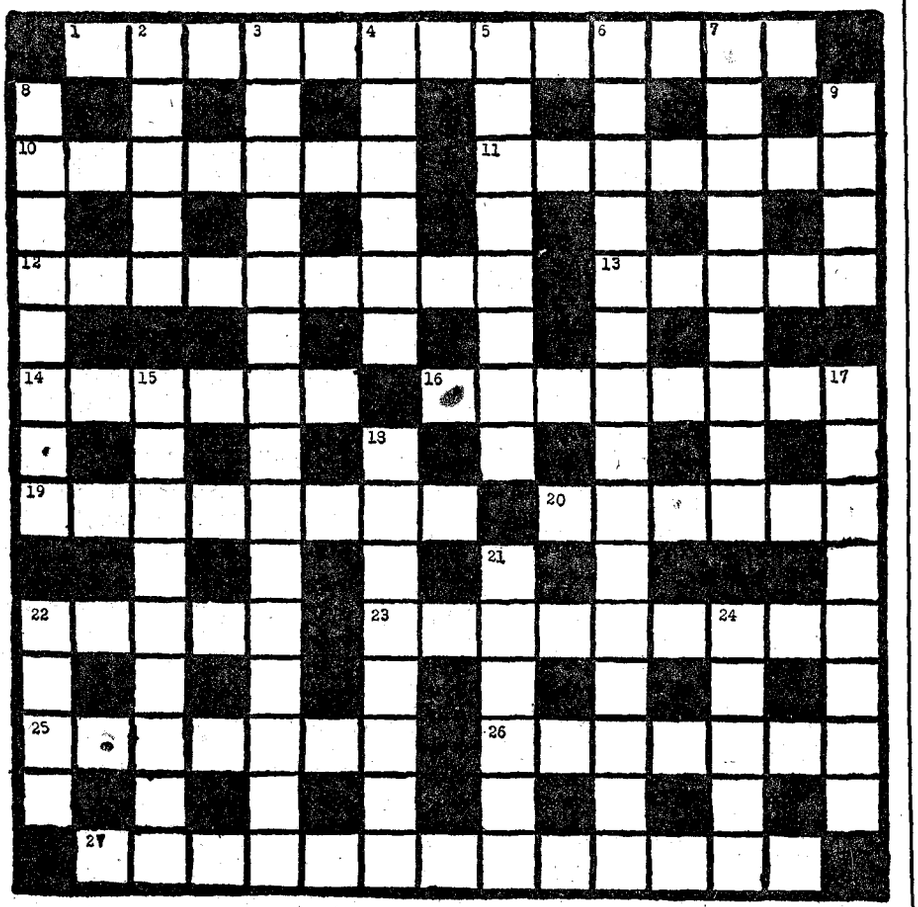
Crossword Puzzle No. 741

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A bad fire crept out of here, having been made earlier. (13)
10 A single head of 3 down might be, as a complete entity. (7)
11 Offensive. (7)
12 This might make you last. (9)
13 This river winds around the extremes of 10. (5)
14 Being lubberly is nothing to a good swimmer. (6)
16 Ask to return to X, when produced. (8)
19 Like Riley's boy. (8)
20 One should know how to spin a frying pan. (6)
22 Porch sink? (5)
23, 27, 9 down, 25 across Evidently the jester's hurried entrance isn't followed by the show's backer. (5, 4, 2, 5, 6, 4, 2, 5)
25 See 23
26 Proving brilliancy is mostly trash. (7)
27 See 23

DOWN:

2 Ranked, but be this and you'll get punished. (5)
3 One might be interested in those of the budget message. (7, 2, 6)
4 One wouldn't think drilling could be so dull! (6)
5 Bent towards the axis. (8)
6 Such things certainly get around! (3-12)
7 Leg and toe, when stretched. (9)
8 This is all set to go off according to schedule. (4-4)
9 See 23
15 Not necessarily gone, they say, for 16 not to exist. (9)
17 Boreal. (8)
18 This might inform you it's firconed. (8)
21 More architectural than 22 across, but the soldier finds this sort of goal in his surroundings. (6)
22 The local scene sounds something to look at! (4)
24 This might be unlit to a certain time. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 740

ACROSS: 1 and 6 ADVENTURE STORY; 9 LOCUS; 10 BREWERIES; 11 SALISBURY; 12 THERE; 13 SPAHI; 15 DEDICATED; 18 PRETENDER; 19 EMERY; 20 REGAL; 22 LEGISLATE; 25 BEELZEBUB; 26 APRON; 27 EASED; 28 AMETHYSTS. DOWN: 1 ARLES; 2 VACILLATE; 3 NESTS; 4 UNBOUNDED; 5 EVERY; 6 SPECTACLE; 7 OLIVE; 8 YESTERDAY; 13 SEPARABLE; 14 IDEALIZED; 16 DIRIGIBLE; 17 THESAURUS; 21 GLEES; 22 LIBYA; 23 SWATH; 24 ERNES.

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